



Call Him Destruction



dystopia

sci-f

war

68 6 8

Chapter 1 by -

The people had tried so hard to stop it. No one wanted another war. And yet it came. Worse than before. With it came hunger, thirst, disease, floods, tornadoes, hurricanes, earthquakes, and most feared of all - Death.

The man who brought all the destruction was hated. There wasn't one person that wouldn't have murdered him if they'd had the chance. But he didn't live here. He lived on another planet. No one knew how, but he could control Earth from Mars.

Once a week, he put out a ten minute broadcast about his progress throughout the world. And then, that was it. Another week would go by without anyone being able to stop what he did.

Chapter 2 by -



I am Travis. The only eyewitness left from my crushed city, New York. They burned everything. The Statue of Liberty was the last United States symbol to to be destroyed. There is no NYC. It lies in ruins. It has now moved past reality and into history. Its greatness can only be passed down by words. like so many other landmarks.

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But they didn't get a chance. Someone from within the laboratory transported himself off to Mars, but not before setting up a time bomb to eliminate all technology.

And so that is how things stand now. The remaining people have absolutely no contact with even the most primitive forms of technology. Life is hard.

Chapter 3 by FELIPO ONCINO



I live near what is left of the Empire State Building. It caved in, creating a sort of shelter for me. It has been two months since he started wrecking the world. His progress is amazing, unluckily for us. The only part of civilization that still stands is Japan. It has been completely covered with a metallic dome over it, with all sorts of plasma tanks and laser beams guarding the heavily fortified country. It's too far away to go there, I only know about it because he talks about it often. He says that he has a plan on how to get in there, and people are beginning to worry.

The mood is also down too. He has covered the sky in clouds, and so every day is grey and dull. I get up, scavenge for food and supplies, eat some measly rations for lunch (I can only have lunch if I want to have enough food to live) and go to sleep hungry. Same old, same old.

On this particular day, I decided to trek farther than I usually did, and go all the way to Central Park. It is basically uncrossable by land, the rubble has created a sort of permanent barrier, but you can go by sea.

I walk over to the port and grab a fishing boat. The engine is still working luckily, and I am able to get it started. I pilot on through the waves. There are no fish left in the world, and the sea is now black, thanks to him poisoning it. The only food left is bugs and plants. It's not the best life. After half an hour of sailing, I spot the coast and direct myself over to it.

Central Park is nothing like it used to be. It's actually a trap. He didn't do anything to Central Park, so it still looks green and beautiful. The trap is, it's impossible to live there. The place is teeming with squirrels and life, but they have all been poisoned. One bite out of a squirrel there will kill you. The land is also not arable, so you can't plant anything. It's like a reverse utopia. The

devil's garden of Eden. Still, it is nice to look at it.

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I lay down near a birch tree and happily listen to the chitter-chatter of squirrels and the chirping of birds. I am about to close my eyes when I hear voices.

Yeah, that's right. *Voices*. I get up and scan my surroundings, although I don't see anyone. Am I going crazy?

Thwomp

An ax lands right next to my right arm. I wasn't going crazy. I start running away, wondering what is attacking me. I can't believe there is still life in New York.

"Get him!" I hear behind me, "He's food!"

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